

THIS is the time of year when the Chancellor of the Exchequer's principal lieutenants spend long hours talking to delegations in search of tax concessions. Mr. Henry Brooke, the Financial Secretary, and Sir Edward Boyle, the Economic Secretary, were both embroiled last week with groups of sporting promoters who want a cut in their entertainment tax.

Their cause, no doubt, is just and the argument was certainly weighty; but my mind boggled at the thought of Mr. Brooke attending a greyhound race or Sir Edward Boyle sitting through one of Mr. Jack Solomons' boxing extravaganzas.

With Mr. Brooke work is sport. Before he joined the Government he happily divided his time between the House of Commons, the London County Council, and the Hampstead Borough Council. He seems to derive the same sort of ex-



**SIR EDWARD BOYLE**  
hilaration from the minutiae of public administration that lesser mortals get from watching Chelsea trounce Manchester United.

#### Sir Edward at Bat

By contrast, Sir Edward Boyle is an expert cricket statistician. At Eton he was a notable

# PEOPLE and THINGS: By ATTICUS

custodian of the scorebook, but when it came to playing he "could hardly hold a bat" and for him rational argument is the king of pastimes.

When he finds a disputant of mettle his large eyes light up and his great head luts forward. At the drop of a Treasury Minute he will discuss French literature, polyphonic music, modern philosophy, or the credit squeeze, while his knowledge of theology would warm Gladstone's heart.

Sir Edward will not be thirty-three till August and it is hardly surprising that he is looked upon with awe by his contemporaries. The Budget debate will give him ample opportunity for extending his already formidable reputation.

#### Sir Miles on the Move

SIR MILES THOMAS, who has only just returned from South Africa, is off again to the United States today, but not in connection with his new post as chairman of Monsanto Chemicals Limited, the parent company of which is an American concern. This visit was arranged some time ago and is in connection with the reorganisation of B.O.A.C. advertising and sales promotion plans in the States.

When it was first rumoured that Sir Miles was leaving B.O.A.C. many people jumped to the conclusion that he would be concentrating more on the Ferguson car product with which his name has become so much associated. As a matter of fact I am able to reveal that Sir Miles resigned his Ferguson directorship some ten days ago—not because of any doubt on his part about the new principles which the genius of Mr. Harry Ferguson is applying to the design of his car, but because his coming activities will

not allow him the necessary time.

In his new post Sir Miles will have much to do with marrying British skill in research in inorganic chemistry with American skill in production methods. Knowing so well his background in motoring and aviation I asked him what he knew of chemistry. "Just enough," was his cheerful answer, "to know that I don't know enough."

#### Free Speech

LORD MALVERN, the Prime Minister of the Central African Federation, has many

estimable qualities; but infinite discretion is not one of them. Those who do not know him are apt to sit in open-mouthed astonishment as he tells startling anecdotes about his acquaintances, his opponents—and his colleagues.

There is nothing petty about his flow of conversation but he enjoys talking—no man who did not could serve as a Prime Minister for twenty-three years—and he cherishes the right to say what he likes when he likes.

It is characteristic that he should now reveal his thoughts

about the changes to the Central African franchise in answer to a question at an obscure political meeting outside the capital. Before Lord Malvern spoke the outline of the new Franchise Bill had been a secret that was closely guarded by his own Government and the Commonwealth Relations Office.

#### Hospital Protest

Lord Malvern's scheme is novel, sensible, and imaginative. There would be two multi-racial voters rolls. The upper

roll, for which there would be very high qualifications, would elect the majority of members of the Federal Parliament.

At one stroke he has avoided racism and produced a scheme that should be acceptable to all sensible settlers.

Although Lord Malvern has been talking of retirement—he is now seventy-three—I shall be surprised if he steps down before the Franchise Bill is finally approved. He looks upon the settlement of the problem as the capstone to his distinguished political career, which began nearly forty years ago when he first raised his voice in protest against the selection of a bad site for a new hospital.

#### Inaudible Outposts

I HAVE had a lot of quiet pleasure, in my time, from Italian gramophone-record catalogues. Not only are they firmly nationalistic in tone (Ludovico Beethoven and Raffaele Vaughan Williams for the line with the other Italians) but they include a number of atmospheric items which I have always wanted to hear.

My favourite among these is the double-bill comprised of "Billiard-room in Use" and "Billiard-room in Uproar." But I learn from "The New Yorker" that a certain Mr. Emery Cook is now hogging this field with a list of over sixty such records. Locomotives, ebb-tides and a horse-fly are among his star performers. And, after tapping the music of the lonesphere (a region of sixty miles above the earth's surface), he has recently distanced his rivals by recording a number of sounds which, on normal reproducers, cannot be heard, at all. This is called "pushing past the outposts of human hearing." It only remains for my colleague Felix Aprahamian to give it an invisible review.

#### Gently Does It

THIS was end-of-term week, and I suppose there was hardly an arrival platform in London that did not have on it at some time the trim and vigilant figure of a Universal Aunty.

I went down to Knightsbridge to see how Universal Aunts, Ltd., were coping with this great, climacteric. "Unusually" is the answer: for in their thirty-five years of existence they have built up a tradition of placid and decorous efficiency.

Miss MacLean, the founder, died a few years ago, but her original partner, Miss Faulder,

is still a director. Anything in the nature of detective work they firmly eschew, nor will the Aunts place your bets for you.

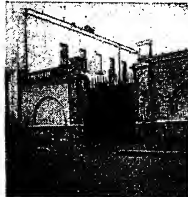
On the other hand, they will supply a dog-sitter; and if you expect to have Mr. Bulgain round for drinks they can supply you with a personable interpreter.

"Personable" is no mere compliment. I know of one small boy who boasted throughout the Michaelmas term of the Aunt who was to meet him at Paddington. And when, as it turned out, a more homely representative was despatched to collect him, his chagrin knew no bounds.

"You," he said, "are not the Aunt I ordered."

#### Malenkov at Home

IN one of his translated *obiters dicta* Jolly Mr. Malenkov told his British hosts last week that



CHEZ MALENKOV

In Moscow he would not like to find too many visitors walking through his own house.

My picture of the entrance to Malenkov's Moscow mansion does indeed suggest that stragglers would get a pretty chilly reception.

In the autumn of 1954 one of my colleagues tried to take a photograph of this house which once belonged to a wealthy sugar merchant. A plain clothes policeman immediately confiscated the film. Two days later the developed film was returned to the Hotel National—without the pictures of the house or the street.

In 1955 my colleague returned and walked down Fomenka Street once again. This time the uniformed policeman on duty saluted him as he took his photograph.

#### Gravity

ON Friday the Duke of Edinburgh will have a flight in the sixty-ton Blackburn great, climacteric. "Unusually" is the answer: for in their thirty-five years of existence they have built up a tradition of placid and decorous efficiency.

During this gigantic aircraft's maiden flight Tim Wood, who will be at the controls on Friday, turned to his co-pilot and said: "My side is airborne is yours?"